

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO

CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."



"I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." — *Couper.*

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No. 8.

*Mason-Lodge.*

The Future hides in it  
Gladness and sorrow;  
We press still thoro',  
Nought that abides in it  
Daunting us, — onward.

And solemn before us,  
Veiled, the Dark Portal,  
Goal of all mortal:—  
Stars silent rest o'er us,  
Graves under us silent.

While earnest thou gazest,  
Comes boding of terror,  
Comes phantasm and error,  
Perplexes the bravest  
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the Voices,—  
Heard are the Sages,  
The Worlds and the Ages:  
"Choose well, your choice is  
Brief and yet endless;

Here eyes do regard you,  
In Eternity's stillness;  
Here is all fulness,  
Ye brave, to reward you;  
Work, and despair not."

—J. W. von Goethe. Translated by Thomas Carlyle.

[Translated for Our Dumb Animals from *Der Thier Freund.*]

*Affection for Animals in Japan.*

Concluded from our Dec. No.

Just as the white elephant is the highest degree in the transmigration of souls, in whose honor a special festival is celebrated, so the rat is one of the lowest steps. The story goes that the bonze Raigo, after he had wantonly destroyed the library of his convent, was changed, for punishment, into a rat, and was obliged to gnaw pieces of paper and parchment for a penalty.

The Japanese treat their domestic animals kindly and gently. How are we to explain this decided love for animals among the Japanese,—a people whose punishments and modes of putting to death point to hard and cruel trait of character? This apparent contradiction has its roots in their religion, especially in Buddhism, to which the majority of the population give assent. Buddha, the mild, gentle, devoted friend of beasts, seems to us their chief protector,—the prototype of all societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. To him, to whom mythology ascribes no

fewer than 80,000 transformations, which close with the white elephant, an opportunity was afforded to learn to know their nature and character. When, after all these phases, he appeared on the earth in the form of a man, when he stood upright immediately after his birth, he took seven steps towards each of the four corners of the world, whereby flowers sprang up from the earth, pointed with his hands to the sky, and said: "Around, above, and below, I am the most honorable." At the age of 17, he went into the desert, where he remained 12 years. When 33, fully educated, he began to preach and to teach, and at the age of eighty he went to Nirvana—we should say, to eternity. The Japanese celebrate, worthily, the day of his birth and of his death. On the latter, they build in the temples tombs, which are adorned with flowers, lighted candles, and with spice offerings. Of the pictures thus set up in his memory, that is worthy of remark which was painted by the artist Teo-Denzu. Buddha in Sjaka is lying on the bed of state, with his head on a lotus-bloom. Men and beasts in deep sorrow surround him; the sun itself, everywhere represented glowing red, here appears white, in the color of sorrow. All animals have attended their divine protector at his death-bed; only the cat and the snake have stayed away. For this reason they never can become genuine Boratas, or true followers of Buddha.

Sjaka, whose followers are allowed to kill no animal, and are vegetarians, was a benefactor of the beasts, even to the point of self-sacrifice. Once he enticed a half-starved crocodile to the shore, and gave him his own arm to eat. When he reached the shore the monster ate him all up, whereupon he was created anew. In India, under the title King Schipi, he did good work for his second life. There a dove once fled to him for refuge, being pursued by a hawk. The latter demanded his property, which Sjaka, according to the law of his religion, could not deliver to him, although the life of the hawk himself might depend on the eating of the dove. The feet and the hands of the saint, which were offered, could not compensate for the dove, and not till Sjaka offered his whole body, was the hawk satisfied. And Sjaka, the animals' friend, cried out, "Be it so; take my whole body, but the dove shall be saved." "It is well," replied the hawk; "the deeds of the honorable are perfect." And at once the two birds were changed into the gods Indra and Wiswakarma, and knelt down in deep adoration before Sjaka.

In commemoration of this supreme affection for beasts, in the eighth century a festival was established, the freeing of living beasts, now celebrated with great brilliancy. On the day of the eighth full moon, the decoration of the Buddhist temples begins. With loud jubilee of the thickly gathered crowd, the priests set free the captured birds, and empty vessels filled with fish into the brooks and streams. In opposition to the demand of the god of war Hatsiman, the people set free on their birthdays those beasts over which already the death sentence was suspended. Never before had this clemency prevailed in Japan. The hunters lived on the flesh of wild and domesticated cattle; also they drank milk, called by the Buddhists "white blood," the taste of which was forbidden to them. In the seventh century appeared the prohibition of the use of flesh. Six kinds of domestic animals were not allowed to be killed. The law of the Buddhists proclaimed: "Thou shalt kill no beast." While the followers of the religion of Schintor considered the shedding of blood only as an action violating cleanliness; the lower caste of Eta, who perform the duties of executioners, flayers, tanners, and shoemakers, oppose this regulation forbidding the use of flesh, and hence are excluded from all places consecrated to the gods.

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*Care of Horses.*

ADVICE TO OWNERS AND DRIVERS OF DRAUGHT HORSES.

1. Let your stable be light, well ventilated and well drained; darkness is frequently productive of blindness, and a damp, poorly-ventilated stable is the cause of rheumatism, coughs, colds, glanders, and other diseases among horses.

2. If possible, have your stall at least six feet wide and nine feet long, as your horse can then turn around or lie down comfortably. Have the floor level, as standing on an incline will strain and weaken the cords of the leg, thus producing lameness.

3. In loading, consider well the distance to be travelled, and the condition of the roads, and *never overload*, as by so doing you will not only distress, discourage, and strain your horse, but you will inflict *pecuniary* injury upon yourself; if your load is hard to draw, make frequent stops and give the horse opportunity to recover his wind, and for the same reason, always block your wheels when you stop while going up hill; if the vehicle is a heavily loaded cart, prop the shafts, as this takes

the weight from his back and relieves him very much; never stop long in cold or stormy weather without blanketing him, and see that your wheels are kept *properly greased*, as a dry axle will vastly increase his labor.

4. Should he meet with accidental injury or become sick, consult a competent veterinary *at once*, and in no case permit an inexperienced person to administer drugs.

5. Never permit any one to tease or tickle your horse, as vicious habits are thus easily induced.

6. Keep your harness soft and clean, particularly the inside of the collar and saddle, as the perspiration, if allowed to dry in, will cause irritation and produce galls.

7. The collar should fit closely, with sufficient space at the bottom to admit your hand; a collar too small obstructs the breathing, while one too large will cramp and draw the shoulders into an unnatural position, thus obstructing the circulation.

8. Buckle the hames tight at the top, so as to give the collar an even bearing; it will also bring the draught irons near the centre, and thus permit free action of the shoulders.

9. Do not buckle the girt too tight, particularly on a string team, as when the traces are straightened it will draw the girt against the body and distress the horse.

10. See that he is kept well shod with a stiff shoe, calked at toe and heel on the hind feet, as from them comes the propelling power; and do not permit the farrier to weaken the feet by cutting away too much of the wall of the foot, the sole, or the frog.

11. Shoes should be removed or changed every three or four weeks.

12. The front of the hoof should never be rasped. Because rasping removes the outer smooth, hard fibres, and makes the hoof brittle and deformed.

13. Never have your horse's heels closely trimmed, nor the hair cut from the inside of his ears. Because trimming leads to inflammation of the skin, and causes sore heels; the latter keeps the ear warm, and prevents the entrance into it of dust, particles of foreign matter, and deafness.

14. Never allow your horse to stand on hot, fermenting manure, as it will soften the hoofs and bring on diseases of the feet; nor permit the old litter to lie under the manger, as the gases will taint his food, and irritate his lungs as well as his eyes.

15. Do not keep the hay over the stable, as the gases from the manure and the breath of the animal will make it unwholesome.

16. When practicable, clean your horse *outside* the stable, because the dust fouls the crib and makes him loathe his food.

17. A hay-rack placed above the horse's head is not recommended. Horses feed naturally on the ground.

18. See that your horse is well cleaned every morning, and on his return to the stable at night; if jaded and tired, give him a thorough grooming, rubbing his legs by hand; look well also to his feet, as he may have "picked up" a nail or a stone, and standing on either would produce lameness; provide him with abundant clean, well-aired bedding, and in cold weather blanket him comfortably in the stall.

19. Use the curry-comb lightly. To fine-skinned horses it should never be applied.

20. Use neither blinders nor martingale; they are not only needless, but more or less cruel, and while the former is frequently productive of blindness, the latter confines the head in a painful, constrained position, preventing an easy and natural action. Where blinders have always been used, caution and sound judgment must be used in gradually accustoming your horse to do without them.

21. Never use a check-rein, unless so long that the horse can have the free use of his head going up hill, and never wind it around the hames.

22. Horses should not be fed in the same proportion, but with due regard to their ages, their constitutions, and their work. When a horse is worked hard its food should chiefly be oats or cracked corn and oats, with good English hay; potatoes or

carrots may be given once or twice a week, and a lump of rock salt should always be left in the manger. Use no musty hay or damaged grain, as neither furnishes proper nourishment, and the latter is liable to produce inflammation of the bowels and kidneys.

23. Do not urge the animal to drink water which he refuses. Because it is probably hard and unwholesome.

24. Never keep a dead pull on the mouth of your horse, and, in no case, jerk or saw on the reins.

25. Let the heels be well brushed out every night. Because dirt, if allowed to cake in, causes **GREASE** and **SORE HEELS**.

26. Kindness will do more than brutality; therefore, do not use harsh language to your horse, or lash, beat, or kick him. Bear in mind, that he is very intelligent and sensitive, a willing servant, and deserving of your kindest treatment and thought.

27. To such as may need the information, please say, in all kindness, that there is a law to punish cruelty, and a society to enforce the law.

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**Extracts from the Views of Messrs. Folsom, Winslow, and Taylor,**

**WHO WERE JUDGES OF THE \$500 PRIZE OFFERED BY THE SOCIETY LAST YEAR TO LESSEN THE ABUSES IN THE TRANSPORTATION OF ANIMALS.**

In loading, the cruelty of the drivers, with their spear-headed goads, too often inflicts needless suffering on the animals, injures the hides, and depreciates the value of the cattle; the varying sizes of cars on different roads, and other causes sometimes involve an amount of overcrowding that renders death absolutely certain to the unfortunate creature which may fall or happen to lie down. In unloading, many cattle are very much injured through the neglect of railroad companies to provide proper gangways, whereby, in the rush to get out of the car, they frequently severely bruise a leg or side by slipping down in the space between the platform and the train.

During transit, it is desirable that all cattle-trains should be pushed forward as rapidly as possible; a rate of at least twenty miles an hour should be insisted upon, although an even greater speed is better; there should be as few stops as possible; the cars should never be subject to long delays on side-tracks; the animals should be watered at least as often as once in twelve hours—or in six hours in hot weather—by movable troughs, to be hung on the sides of the cars at watering-stations, and the cattle should be removed at proper intervals for food and sufficient rest.

No cars for transporting cattle should be less than eight feet wide, inside measurement. They should always have swing-beams and the best springs. If of the convenient length of twenty-eight feet, and if with sufficient bedding, Mr. J. C. Hoadley estimates, in his exhaustive treatise in the Sixth Annual Report of the Mass. State Board of Health, that they will comfortably carry thirteen cattle of 1,600 pounds weight; fourteen of 1,500 pounds; fifteen of 1,400 pounds; sixteen of 1,300 pounds; seventeen of 1,200 and 1,100 pounds, and twenty of 1,000 pounds and less. This would give an abundance of room; and the mutual support afforded each other in the shocks of starting, stopping, and jolting, is an advantage not to be got in compartment cars.

In our opinion, the greatest improvement for the future must lie in humane methods and careful supervision of the processes of loading and unloading at the stock-yards and markets; in the prevention of overcrowding; in rapid transportation; in supplying all stock-yards, as some are now supplied, with the necessary facilities for providing food, water, and rest, and in the invention and adoption of improved cars.

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"WHEN one travels with the specific object in view of ameliorating the condition of the natives, every act becomes ennobled."—*Livingstone.*

**Parrots and Monkeys.**

A new book, with the above title, has been recently published in New York, by R. Worthington, from which we select a few stories about parrots:

"As you wished me to write down whatever I could recollect about my sister's wonderful parrot, I proceed to do so, only premising that I will tell you nothing but what I can vouch for having myself heard. Her laugh is quite extraordinary, and it is impossible to help joining in it oneself, more especially when in the midst of it she cries out, 'Don't make me laugh so; I shall die, I shall die; ' and then continues laughing more violently than before. Her crying and sobbing are curious; and if you say, 'Poor Poll! what is the matter? ' she says, 'So bad! so bad! got such a cold! ' and after crying for some time will gradually cease, and making a noise like drawing a long breath, say, 'Better now,' and begin to laugh.

"The first time I ever heard her speak was one day when I was talking to the maid at the bottom of the stairs, and heard what I then considered to be a child call out, 'Payne! ' (the maid's name), 'I am not well; I'm not well; ' and on my saying, 'What's the matter with that child? ' she replied, 'It's only the parrot; and she always does so when I leave her alone, to make me come back; ' and so it proved; for on her going into the room the parrot stopped, and then began laughing, quite in a jeering way.

"It is singular enough, that whenever she is affronted in any way, she begins to cry; and when pleased, to laugh. If any one happens to cough or sneeze, she says, 'What a bad cold! ' One day, when the children were playing with her, the maid came into the room, and on their repeating to her several things which the parrot had said, Poll looked up, and said, quite plainly, 'No, I didn't.' Sometimes when she is inclined to be mischievous, the maid threatens to beat her, and she says, 'No, you won't.' She calls the cat very plainly, saying, 'Puss, puss! ' and then answers, 'Mew; ' but the most amusing part is, that whenever I want to make her call it, and for that purpose say, 'Puss! puss! ' myself, she invariably answers, 'Mew,' till I begin mewing, and then she begins calling puss as quick as possible. She imitates every kind of noise, and barks so naturally, that I have known her set all the dogs on the parade at Hampton Court barking; and the consternation I have seen her cause in a party of cocks and hens, by her crowing and clucking, has been the most ludicrous thing possible. She sings just like a child, and I have more than once thought it was a human being; and it was ridiculous to hear her make what one should call a false note, and then say, 'Oh, la! ' and burst out laughing at herself, beginning again in quite another key. She is very fond of singing 'Buy a broom,' which she says quite plainly; but in the same spirit as in calling the cat, if we say, with a view to make her repeat it, 'Buy a broom,' she always says, 'Buy a brush,' and then laughs, as a child might do when mischievous. She often performs a kind of exercise, which I do not know how to describe, except by saying that it is like the lance-exercise. She puts her claw behind her, first on one side and then on the other, then in front, and round her head, and whilst doing so, keeps saying, 'Come on! come on! ' and, when finished, says, 'Bravo, beautiful! ' and then draws herself up."

Another writer tells a story of a gray parrot that lived at Kensington when he was a boy. It belonged to an inn-keeper, and was usually hung out of an upper window: "A capital talker she was, and from morning to night kept the thoroughfare alive with her chattering. One day, as I was returning from school, and paused as usual to hear what the parrot had got to say, I found her in a state of high hilarity, and screaming out at the top of her voice, 'Cod, oh! cod, oh! plaise and eels alive, oh! ' Casting about to discover whom the bird was calling after, I could see nothing—nothing but a highly respectable old

gentleman, with brown gaiters and an umbrella, leaning on the latter, and laughing till his jolly face grew purple. 'Cod, oh! live eels!' the bird continued to bawl; and, it being evident to me that the old gentleman was in the secret, I took the liberty of inquiring of him what the bird meant. 'What does she mean, boy? Why, she means me,' replied the good-natured old fellow. 'She has the memory of a tax-gatherer — has that bird! She remembers me, for all my fine coat. It's nearly twenty years ago since I drove a fish-cart, every day, through this parish, and called out my ware; but she don't forget. I mustn't come through Kensington if I wish to forget I was once a poor fishmonger.'

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*Doings of Kindred Societies.*

The Fourth Annual Report and By-Laws of the Portland (Me.) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has just come to hand. The society was organized May 22, 1872. Its president is Nathan Cleaves. It has twelve vice-presidents, Israel Washburne being one, and twenty directors, thirteen of the latter being ladies, with Mrs. J. W. Waterhouse at the head of the list. Its secretary and treasurer is Miss Octavia C. Carroll; agent, A. M. Sawyer. During the year 221 complaints had been made, and 372 cases were investigated. "I know of no more pitiable exhibition of the brute instinct in a man," says the agent, in his report, "than is shown when he parts with an old horse that has served him well, and leaves him to the uncharitable mercy of the jockey." By one of the by-laws, we observe that "all money received by bequests, donations, and life memberships, shall be invested as the directors shall order, and only the income therefrom be expended for the purposes of the society."

An excellent provision of the law of Maine is worthy of being incorporated in the laws of all our States:—

"Any officer or agent of said society"—meaning the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—"may lawfully destroy, or cause to be destroyed, any animal found abandoned and not properly cared for, appearing, in the judgment of two reputable persons called by him to view the same in his presence, to be glanderized, injured, or diseased past recovery for any useful purpose."

The Portland society has done well in printing this fourth report, and including with its constitution and by-laws the laws of the State for the protection of animals. Its officers have our heartiest God-speed in their good work.

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*Newburyport, Mass.*

At the annual meeting of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," held at City Hall, Oct. 29, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, David Woods; Vice-Presidents, William Thurston, Edward S. Moseley, Charles R. Sargent, William W. Goodwin, Mrs. Sparhawk, Miss Agnes Aubin; Secretary, Samuel E. Sargent; Treasurer, Charles J. Brockway; Directors, J. H. Balch, Rev. S. J. Spalding, Mrs. C. H. Sargent.

From observation and investigation of complaints of cruelty, made by officers and members in the past year, it is clearly shown that the society is fully accomplishing its work as a preventive of cruelty; hence the absence of prosecutions. The society is in an active state and doing good work, but has a low treasury, never having been favored with any donation; and it was voted to lay a small assessment on members, and solicit new members, the entrance fee being fifty cents. It is hoped the call will be liberally responded to.—*Newburyport Herald*, Oct. 31, 1878.

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*"Cruelty to Animals."*

*Editor Sunday Herald (Buffalo):* In 1870 cruelty to animals in Buffalo was considered one of the many crimes of the day, and great effort was made to enforce the law enacted by our Legislature to suppress inhuman treatment to the dumb brute.

At that time it was difficult to convince people there was any necessity for any such society, and therefore it dragged slowly along for some time until the people elected a man, who was a friend to the cause, and was determined to suppress such crime. At that time I was the acting agent, and it soon became known that that work was to be a success, at least for a time. The ladies who composed the Women's Branch Society were then energetic, and were always on the alert to notice and report cases, so that in the summer of 1873, the fines amounted to as high as \$325 per month. Canal horses were looked after and cared for, and in fact all suffering animals.

How is it to-day? Where are the workers of that humane society?

I will say, to close with, as an experienced agent in this work, that there never was more cruelty to animals in Buffalo and the stock-yards than to-day; it is going rampant in our streets; but where is the agent, and where is the justice? We shall soon see what we shall see.

W. L. DARREE.

Nov. 3.

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*Vermont.*

**COPY OF THE JOINT RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE LEGISLATURE OF VERMONT, ON THE SUBJECT OF TREATMENT OF ANIMALS IN TRANSIT.**

*Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives:—*

That our members of Congress be, and are hereby requested to use their best endeavors to procure the passage of a law by Congress providing for the more humane treatment of animals in transit.

**JAMES L. MARTIN, Speaker of the House.  
LOVELAND MUNSON, President pro tem.  
of the Senate.**

NOVEMBER, 1878.

In addition, I would mention that the House Committee on Agriculture reported the lack of legislation in regard to the crowding of cars, so that suffocation, bruises, and death often occur. Now confinement more than twenty-eight hours is prohibited, unless food and drink are given on the route. But as the want of food and drink is not all that pertains to health and comfort, further legislation is desirable.

Z. E. JAMESON.

IRASBURG, VT.

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*Patrons of Husbandry.*

**ACTION OF THE NATIONAL GRANGE AT RICHMOND, VA., IN NOVEMBER, 1878, ON THE LAW TO PROTECT ANIMALS IN TRANSPORTATION, AND ALSO UPON TEACHING KINDNESS TO ANIMALS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.**

**OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL GRANGE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 3, 1878.**

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., Ebbitt House.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—Herewith I hand you a copy of the Resolutions adopted by the National Grange, at its recent (Twelfth Annual) session at Richmond, Va.

Fraternally and truly yours,

WM. M. IRELAND, Secretary.

*Resolved*, That common humanity and public health demand a more merciful transportation of live-stock over the railroads of this country, and, for that purpose, we do most respectfully request the Congress of the United States to enact, at its next session, more efficient laws.

*Resolved*, That it should be made the duty of teachers in our public schools to instruct the children under their care to protect insect-eating birds and their nests, and to treat the lower animals kindly.

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*Cruelty to Horses.*

*To the Editor of the Boston Transcript:* Much has been written and said about cruelty to animals of late years, and a very excellent society is doing much to suppress cruelty in many forms. But there is still one most cruel and barbarous practice going on all around us. This is the use of blind bridles on horses to take away their natural sight. Thousands of horses are having their eyes beaten out by the winkers of the bridle. Let any one watch the horses in the parks or streets, and it will be seen that about one-half of all the horses that wear blind bridles are having their eyes battered out with them. Let horses be driven with as little pain to themselves as possible, and there will be far less danger of their running away or falling down. Nearly all such accidents arise from some cause irritating to the horses, either in the harness or the driver. It has been calculated by good judges that nine horses with open bridles will do more service, and do it better, than ten horses with blind bridles. The horse-car companies can save ten per cent. on horses and harness by adopting open bridles for their horses. More than five thousand horses have had their natural sight restored to them in the last few years by being used with open bridles in Boston. All horses, when young, should be broken to the use of open bridles.

SAMUEL PAGE.

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*Cruelty to Horses.*

*To the Editor of the Transcript:* I have read with much satisfaction the letter of Mr. Samuel Page, with the above heading, in your issue of Dec. 5, and agree entirely with his views. When I was in Russia, some years ago, I was struck with the fact that the horses there, of all kinds, were invariably driven without blinders. Not only can they attend to their work better without them, but also one of their greatest points of beauty, the eye, can be seen and enjoyed by those who look on. The Russian trotters, as they dash up and down the Nevski Prospect at St. Petersburg, seem to you to be the ideal animal, and I suspect the flashing eye has a good deal to do with it. Their harness consists of the lightest kind of leather, fillets studded with gilt or silver, and the horse is then in all his majesty. His own intelligence is a better guide for taking care of himself on the road than this stupid provision of man as exemplified by half blinding his eyes. I have sometimes wondered what the meaning of blinders is, and am inclined to the opinion that they are used very much as an adornment of the harness. Our English cousins certainly know a good deal about driving horses, but they are not infallible; and I think it is they who carry this absurdity to excess in their own land, and at the same time, from their prestige in what relates to horses, become an example for others. I am glad to see that many horses in the United States are now allowed to go without them, and hope this custom will soon be universal.

NATHAN APPLETON.

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*Mr. Angell.*

*MONTPELIER, VT., Oct. 30.* George T. Angell, of Boston, President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, delivered an address before the General Assembly in the Representatives' Hall last evening. N. T. Sprague, member from Branford, presided. The speaker paid a high tribute to the manager of the Central Vermont Railroad for his humane efforts in behalf of the animals transported over his road, and made a marked impression upon a large audience in favor of organizing societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. He asked the Legislature to memorialize Congress for the passage of an Act for the humane transportation of animals.—*Journal*, Oct. 31, 1878.

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*A SOUTH HOLYOKE, Mass., family get their whole supply of fuel by means of a faithful dog, who catches sticks of floodwood as they drift down the river. He once came near getting drowned in trying to pull ashore a barrel.*

## Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, January, 1879.

## Our January Paper.

The article on the "Care of Horses," will be familiar to all who have read the little "Horse-book," of the London society, or the "Golden Rules" of the Woman's Branch of Philadelphia, both of which are admirable; but the advice is always in season. This will be put in the form of a small tract for the widest distribution among teamsters, grooms, drivers, and wherever else it can be useful. Who will help in its circulation?

The report of Mr. Angell's visit to Baltimore, and other cities, will be read with great interest.

Brief notice will be found of two ladies, who have been recently removed by death, both of whom were conspicuous advocates of our cause in their respective spheres of life.

The Life-Boat picture shows quiet content in unexpected surroundings, while not unmindful of a proper look-out for the future.

The music adds one more piece suitable for meetings where the "Service of Mercy" shall be used, and the other selections of the paper offer the usual variety. The narratives of the intelligence of the Parrot, will surprise and amuse.

## President Hayes.

For its own worth, as also in grateful recognition of the service to our merciful cause by President Hayes, we copy a paragraph from his last message to Congress, which will command the heartiest approval of all our readers:—

"The abuse of animals in transit is widely attracting public attention. A national convention of societies specially interested in the subject has recently met at Baltimore, and the facts developed, both in regard to cruelties to animals, and the effect of such cruelties upon the public health, would seem to demand the careful consideration of Congress, and the enactment of more efficient laws for the prevention of these abuses."

## The New Year.

At the head of this January number we have republished Goethe's poem, which he called "Mason-Lodge." It is a solemn appeal and invocation to all laborers in every high service to "work and despair not." Few more fitting words could be said at the beginning of the new year. Because cruelty has not been overcome, or because so much indifference exists to animal sufferings, there are excellent people who sometimes think the results have not rewarded enough the expenditure of thought and time and money. If any mortal had a right to speak in such a way of "results," there might be reason for such a discouraging view; but when we consider how little we can know of the influence of any word or deed, it borders on presumption to base our conduct on what we can see or know. We have known an instance of a clergyman who preached nobly for the cause of mercy in this vicinity many years ago. In his congregation was a young man whom he never knew, and who has, since his death, been elevated to one of the high places of influence in the world. This man, now no longer young, has remembered and been influenced through his life by the weighty plea he then heard.

Results? They are beyond man's sphere, and should be spoken of with the reservation that there is always an immense factor of the unknown, which the far future only can reveal.

If on this new year we were to speak of our own cause,—of the protection of animals,—facts would justify words of hope and thankfulness, while such words would not imply that there are not yet many hideous wrongs. But they are not so many nor so huge as they once were. Hundreds of watchful eyes for the protection of animals exist where there were none once; and all wrong is less to be feared when the truth about it is known. With unfaltering faith then in an Infinite mercy and justice, we may well believe, that, in eternity's stillness, there is all fulness, "ye brave, to reward you," if reward enough does not always follow the righteous deed.

## Miss Louise W. King, of Augusta, Ga.

Another of the ardent friends of our cause has "rested from her labors," and surely her "works will follow her."

By the recent death of Miss King, the State of Georgia and other Southern States have lost their leading spirit in the work of prevention of cruelty to animals. She was the life and soul of the first Georgia society, located at Augusta; and, through her personal efforts, all the societies in that State were organized, and by personal attendance at the Legislature, and after repeated efforts, the passage of the Georgia law was secured. She offered prizes for the best-cared-for teams in Augusta, and personally distributed them at a gathering in one of the squares of that city.

She has been in constant correspondence with our Society for many years, and has received from us and circulated a large number of documents throughout the South.

We have seldom known a woman of more indomitable energy, or more thorough devotion to our cause. It is fair to say that to work in Georgia, where the people have given little thought to the subject, is more difficult and more trying to an earnest woman than like work in a New England State, where the cause is a familiar one, and where friends are found on every hand.

We cordially extend our sympathy to the relatives and friends of Miss King, and earnestly commend her example to the women of her State, trusting the cause will not be allowed to slumber by the removal of this valued friend F. B. F.

## Directors' Meeting.

The regular meeting of the directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for December, was held on Wednesday, Dec. 18, 1878, at 11 A. M.

Present: Mrs. Appleton, Miss Wigglesworth, Mrs. Cobb, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Lowell, Mrs. Newhall, and Mrs. Iasigi; and Messrs. Angell, Hill, Heywood, Sawyer, and Firth.

The record of the November meeting was read and approved. The account of receipts and expenses in November was read and referred to the Finance Committee.

The Secretary reported, from the committee to consider the subject of bonds of our agents as special police officers in Boston, that each bond is fixed at \$3,000; that it seemed important to the committee that one agent at least should be appointed at once; and Messrs. Heywood and Firth,

the committee, became bondsmen for Thomas Langlan, and he has received a commission from the Police Commissioners. The committee recommended that Messrs. Currier and Baker be also appointed, and that the directors authorize some persons to be their bondsmen. After discussion it was unanimously—

*Voted*, That the Trustees of the Permanent Fund of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Messrs. Angell, Sawyer, and Firth, are hereby authorized and requested to sign the required bonds of \$3,000 each to the city for Messrs. Currier, Baker, and Langlan, that they may be made special policemen in Boston: the Society hereby assuming all the pecuniary liabilities of said Trustees, if any shall follow from signing said bonds.

The Secretary announced the death of Miss Louise W. King, of Augusta, Ga. After due consideration, the following resolutions were unanimously passed:—

*Resolved*, 1. That the Directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have heard with pain of the death of Miss Louise W. King, of Augusta, Ga.

2. That, while it was not their good fortune to have a personal acquaintance with Miss King, they knew her well in the higher and larger relations of a conspicuous, wise, and indomitable laborer in our humane cause in her own State for many years, and they desire now to bear heartfelt testimony to her noble life, and to express thankfulness for her precious memory.

The death of Mrs. Ellen H. Flint, of Leicester, Mass., one of our vice-presidents, was made known. And it was—

*Voted*, 1. That the Directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have heard with deep regret of the death of Mrs. Flint.

2. That her interest in our work has been felt and appreciated ever since the formation of this Society, and her practical views have often been made known through "Our Dumb Animals."

3. That we honor her memory, and desire to put upon our record a grateful recognition of her faithful service.

The President read a letter from Mr. N. Appleton, upon badges, which led to a free comparison of opinions, when, on motion of Mr. Sawyer, it was—

*Voted*, That the subject be referred to the special committee for further information.

It was unanimously—

*Voted*, That the thanks of the Directors be returned to Nathan Appleton, Esq., for his most acceptable and valuable services at the International Congress, in Paris, as our delegate there, and also, since his return, at Washington.

*Voted*, That the Secretary send to Mr. Appleton a copy of the above vote.

The Special Committee upon Honorary Members, consisting of Mrs. Appleton, the President, and Secretary, reported: That, at present, our Society has only two such members; but the Committee cordially recommend the election of the following well-known and faithful advocates of our cause:

Miss Anne Wigglesworth, of Boston,  
Mrs. Caroline E. White, of Philadelphia,  
Miss Adele Biddle, of Philadelphia,  
Edwin Lee Brown, of Chicago, and

John C. Dore, of Chicago;—and they were unanimously chosen. The Secretary was instructed to inform them of their election.

The question of adding the names of several foreign gentlemen as honorary members, had

some consideration, when, on motion of Mr. Sawyer, it was—

*Voted*, To lay the subject on the table for future action.

About 12.10 o'clock it was voted to adjourn.

**MR. EDITOR:**—At your request, I would say that, during my recent Southern trip, I had the pleasure, subsequent to the formation of the National Humane Association, at Baltimore, of addressing, or lecturing before fifteen audiences, mostly large; and of distributing, through the "National Grange," and otherwise, many thousands of copies of our publications,—mostly the "Marett Tract." Twenty-six States were represented in the "National Grange."

I came before seven audiences in Baltimore: First, the convicts in the penitentiary; second, Baltimore College, about 600 young men, and the students of John Hopkins University on the platform; third, a meeting of ladies and others in private parlors, which organized the "Baltimore Humane Education Society"; fourth, the "Friends" School, about 200 scholars under eighteen years of age; fifth, the "Baltimore Girls' High School," about 500 young ladies; sixth, the "Maryland Union Sunday-School Convention"; and seventh, the "Maryland State Normal School," the principal of which offered prizes for best essays on "Kindness to Animals."

In Richmond I spoke: First, to the "High School," and invited clergy, &c. (a leading clergyman at the close offered \$10 for the best essay on the subject); second, to the "National Grange," which passed resolutions on cattle transportation, and teaching in our public schools "kindness to animals"; third, to the Sunday School of the large African Church, which church numbers over 6,000 members.

At Washington I lectured: First, in the new Unitarian Church, Sunday evening, before a large audience, including the Secretary of War, various Congressmen and their wives, &c.; Monday, I addressed both the white and colored training schools for teachers; Tuesday, the "Miner" School and invited guests, who formed the "Washington Humane Education Society"; and Wednesday, the faculty and students of "Howard University."

I had talks with the President of the United States, and many Congressmen and influential persons from various parts of the United States, to whom I gave freely our publications.

I am happy to know that, since leaving Baltimore, at least one "Legion of Honor," numbering over 100 youth, has been formed there, all of whom subscribed the following pledge:

"We promise to protect, so far as we have power, the weak and defenceless, and in so doing agree that we will never torment any creature, and we will never permit any creature to be tormented by others, so far as we have the power to prevent."

I ought not to close without expressing my great indebtedness to the many influential and kind-hearted men and women, who cheerfully and earnestly aided in carrying out my plans. They are too numerous to mention except in part.

The Hon. A. M. Keily, Mayor of Richmond, arranged for my principal lecture there.

At Washington, Hon. John Eaton, Chief of the

National Bureau of Education, interested himself to secure me hearings before the higher schools.

Rev. Clay Macaulay preached an excellent sermon, Sunday morning, from the text "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to EVERY CREATURE;" and in the evening secured for me probably the largest, and certainly one of the most intelligent audiences of Washington. At the close of my address before the "Miner" colored school, at Washington, Frederick Douglass, now U. S. Marshal of the District, gave a most beautiful and pathetic address on the need of humane education amongst the colored people of the South.

At Baltimore, Dr. Chas. W. Chancellor of the Maryland State Board of Health, arranged for some of my finest audiences, and especially was I indebted there to Mr. Dwight L. Moody, the Evangelist, who arranged for my address before the Penitentiary Convicts on Sunday; and on the succeeding Wednesday conducted me to the Maryland Sunday School Union Convention, invited me to use as much of the time appropriated to himself as I wished, and introduced me to one of the largest and most attentive audiences I ever addressed.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

*A Pledge.*

Our German friends are moving earnestly in getting as many persons as they can, and especially the young, to sign a pledge to the effect that the signer will never torment any animal, large or small, and will each do all he or she can to prevent others doing so.

The great work in this country in behalf of the temperance cause has made us all here familiar with pledges. That the pledge has been the temporal salvation of tens of thousands from intemperance, is a fact beyond all controversy. That a pledge to practise justice and mercy to the lower creation would arrest the attention and determine the attitude for life of vast numbers in its behalf, is as certain as any future event, provided the pledge be widely circulated on all fit occasions. Here is an opportunity for teachers of day and Sunday schools to do a practical and lasting service to the cause of mercy, and we cordially invite them to improve it. Copies of a pledge, on a sheet ready for signatures, shall be sent to all who may desire them. We shall thankfully receive reports of progress; and we particularly suggest to superintendents and clergymen wherever our little "Service of Mercy" shall be used, to improve the opportunity by drawing attention to the pledge and taking signatures to it.

No new organizations are necessary. For a name it will be enough for the signers to be known as the "Friends of Mercy."

If the signatures shall be sent to this office they shall be preserved until further notice, in books kept for the purpose.

*An Address in Behalf of the Treasury of the American Humane Association.*

This we had hoped to have received from a Chicago friend; but from some cause unknown to us, it has not come to hand. The facts are, however, plain enough. The Association should have at Washington, after the holidays, one or more able men, until action has been had by Congress upon the new law; action which we are

assured is likely to be in its favor. The Association ought, also, to support a man on the rail through whom it shall know the treatment the animals are receiving now, and through whom it can deal with railway officers and others whenever it may be necessary.

Of course, money is necessary for both requirements. There were pledges made at Baltimore to the amount of one thousand dollars, and an offer was made of one thousand dollars more in behalf of one individual, provided that five hundred dollars besides shall be pledged by the first of January next. Such of our readers as have it in their power to give any aid in securing these almost indispensable additions to the funds of the Association, will please address, without delay, Levi Knowles, Esq., Treasurer, Philadelphia.

During the coming Christmas and New Year's season the hearts of men and women, we may hope, will be touched in behalf of this movement to lessen the horrors of cattle transportation.

It may be well to add that nothing has ever been paid by the National organization for clerical service, for salaries, or for rents. The rooms and the services of officers of local societies have been freely given, without a thought of compensation. Of course no officer of the International or Humane Association is paid for the time he may give. No generous heart which has been touched by the sufferings of the innocent and dumb cattle, need hesitate to help this organization in their behalf.

*Honorary Members of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.*

The Massachusetts Society has been slow in adding to its list of honorary members, as is shown by the fact, that, until the December meeting of the Directors, it had two only, Mrs. Appleton and Mr. Bergh. By the record of the doings of the meeting held this month, it will be seen that five were added thereto. While, on the one hand, such recognition would lose all value, if given where no noble service had been rendered, it is, on the other hand, the dictate of justice where it has been. All who know the ladies and gentlemen who were remembered the other day, will rather be surprised, we think, that this mark of high appreciation had not been given earlier!

*Cases Investigated by Office Agents in November.*

Whole number of complaints, 97; viz., Beating, 8; overworking and overloading, 3; overdriving, 1; driving when lame or galled, 30; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 17; torturing, 2; driving when diseased, 1; cruelly transporting, 4; general cruelty, 31.

Remedied without prosecution, 42; warnings issued, 33; not substantiated, 14; not found, 3; prosecuted, 5; convicted, 5.

Animals killed, 14; temporarily taken from work, 30.

*Receipts by the Society in November.*

*FINES.*

*Justices' Courts.*—Templeton, \$3; Brookfield, \$20.

*Police Courts.*—Lynn, \$10; Lawrence (paid at jail), \$1.

*District Court.*—Third Worcester, \$15.

*Municipal Court.*—Boston (2 cases), \$5.01.

Witness fees, \$7.85.

*MEMBERS AND DONORS.*

Mrs. L. Maria Child, \$20; Hon. W. H. Wood, \$5; A. Firth, \$5.50; F. Westwood, \$1.20. Total, \$31.70.

*SUBSCRIBERS.*

Mrs. R. W. Emerson, \$5.25; C. E. Daniels, \$2; R. B. Forbes, \$1.67; L. P. Thompson, \$2; E. E. Simmons, \$2; H. Willard, \$2.

*ONE DOLLAR EACH.*

C. W. Dailey, A. S. Waterman, B. W. Whitney, H. Johnson, H. B. Goodwin, E. R. Tiffany, Dr. W. L. Johnson, M. S. Wheeler, S. B. Morse, E. A. Webb, H. O. Houghton, M. Lavery, J. M. Batchelder, R. P. Lewis, G. White, L. B. Smith, C. E. Crum, A. Clark. Total, \$32.92.

*PUBLICATIONS.*

J. A. Dupee, \$5; E. A. Webb, \$1. Total, \$6.

*OTHER SUMS.*

Interest, \$75.11; Rent, \$15. Total, \$90.11.

Total amount received in November, \$222.59.

## Children's Department.

## Piccola.

Poor, sweet Piccola! Did you hear  
What happened to Piccola, children dear?  
'T is seldom Fortune such favor grants  
As fell to this little maid of France.

'T was Christmas-time, and her parents poor  
Could hardly drive the wolf from the door,  
Striving with poverty's patient pain  
Only to live till summer again.

No gifts for Piccola! Sad were they  
When dawned the morning of Christmas-day;  
Their little darling no joy might stir,  
St. Nicholas nothing would bring to her!

But Piccola never doubted at all  
That something beautiful must befall  
Every child upon Christmas-day,  
And so she slept till the dawn was gray.

And full of faith, when at last she woke,  
She stole to her shoe as the morning broke;  
Such sounds of gladness filled all the air,  
'T was plain St. Nicholas had been there!

In rushed Piccola sweet, half wild:  
Never was seen such a joyful child.

"See what the good saint brought!" she cried,  
And mother and father must peep inside.

Now such a story who ever heard?  
There was a little shivering bird!  
A sparrow, that in at the window flew,  
Had crept into Piccola's tiny shoe!

"How good poor Piccola must have been!"  
She cried, as happy as any queen,  
While the starving sparrow she fed and warmed,  
And danced with rapture, she was so charmed.

Children, this story I tell to you,  
Of Piccola sweet and her bird, is true.  
In the far-off land of France, they say,  
Still do they live to this very day.

—Celia Thaxter; from her new vol. of Poems.

## Singing Mice.

The song to which the little creature gave utterance again and again in our full view was as sweet and varied as the warbling of any bird. It most resembled that of the canary; but the melody of the nightingale was occasionally introduced. Every note was clear and distinct, but withal so soft, so gentle, tender and pianissimo, that I can only compare it to the voice of a bird muffled by being heard through a down pillow. In the room was a canary, whose cage was suspended in one of the windows. He had settled himself to roost, and his head was under his wing; but at the sound of "Nicodemus's" serenade he awoke, and listening attentively, and fantastically leaning alternately to right and left, peeped curiously down to the floor. I learned that mouse and bird were intimately acquainted with each other, and that the former frequently visited his feathered friend, and stayed to supper. Accordingly, while we looked on with interest and pleasure, "Nicodemus" climbed up the drawn curtains, entered the bird's cage, and partook of the seed; the canary showing no symptom of disapprobation or disturbance, but merely from his perch peering down on his visitor in a ludicrously quaint and odd manner. During his supper-time, "Nicodemus" obliged us, from the cage, with several repetitions of his song; "The Chirper," down below on the carpet, occasionally coming in with a monotonous contralto accompaniment, and sometimes emitting a sound like the squeaking of a corkscrew through a cork. The two little songsters, having done their best to please us, were rewarded with all that mice could wish for as components of a feast; and, after selecting the portions they severally preferred, gracefully retired. —From "Singing Mice," by Henry Lee, in "Popular Science Monthly."

## A Monkey's Gratitude.

One of the most remarkable incidents recorded in all natural history was witnessed in a menagerie performing in Selma, Ala., on the 14th ult. The majority of the spectators had been suddenly attracted away from the cages filled with ferocious beasts to the opposite side of the tent, at which some small trained elephants were performing, when a woman's terrified scream caused every head to turn and every glance to be directed back across the arena toward the recently deserted cages. The scream was from a nurse-girl in the midst of the crowd. Paralyzed with horror, and with two frightened children clinging to her skirts, she was pointing to another and neglected charge, a chubby little three-year-old toddler, who had been left to himself on the opposite side of the tent. The little fellow, unconscious of peril, was exercising his infantile gymnastics upon the rope railing directly in front of the Bengal tiger's cage, the hideous occupant of which was just unsheathing his claws through the bars, preparatory to reaching out his cruel paw for the tempting tidbit presented by the cherub's body.

An indescribable thrill of horror ran through every one present, and, none of the keepers being present at the moment, there was no one with sufficient presence of mind to institute an immediate attempt to rescue the child. But a rescuer of another species than human was at hand.

It was a moment of awful suspense. And then, just as the tiger's outstretched paw was about to fall upon the unconscious child, there was suddenly heard a great chattering, and Bopo, a very tame Brazilian ape, that was permitted to range freely about the tent, was observed speeding over the tops of the cages. Arriving over that of the tiger, he suddenly dropped upon the outstretched paw with such a hideous screech as not only to cause it to be quickly withdrawn, but to occasion the child to reel out beyond the rail, and out of danger, with a cry of alarm.

Then appeared the keepers on the scene; the little one was restored to its negligent nurse's arms, and the tiger was severely beaten with iron rods. But, sad to relate, the heroic little monkey did not escape without receiving a cruel blow from the claws, between which and their would-be victim he had so devotedly cast himself, though it was not thought he would die of his wounds.

The pleasantest part of the incident lies in the fact that the child (one of three belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Lampear, of Selma) had been frequently carried to the menagerie, and had as often manifested a fondness for the monkey by presents of nuts and fruits, which explains the self-sacrificing conduct of the latter as having been inspired by an almost human sentiment of gratitude and love. —*New York Weekly, Dec. 2, 1878.*

## The Dog and Child.

Mr. Elihu Burritt gives in his book, called "A Walk from London to Land's End and Back," a touching illustration of the affection of a dog in Truro:

"I was sitting at the breakfast-table of a friend, who is a druggist, when he was called into the shop by a neighbor, who had come for medical advice and aid, in a very remarkable and affecting case.

"He described it briefly and simply, but it would fill a volume of beautiful meaning. His family dog had incidentally made the acquaintance of a neighbor's child on the other side of the street.

"While lying on the door-stone, he had noticed this little thing, sometimes at the chamber window, and sometimes on the pavement, in a little carriage.

"During one of his walks on that side of the street, he met the baby, and looked over the rim of the basket carriage, as a loving dog can look, straight into a pair of baby eyes, and said 'Good morning!' as well as he could.

"Little by little, day by day, and week by week,

this companionship went on, growing with the growth, and strengthening with the strength of the little one. The dog, doubtless because his master had no young child of his own, came at last to transfer frequently his watch and ward to the door-stone on the other side of the street, to follow as a guard of honor, the baby's carriage on its daily airings.

"With what delight he gave himself up to all the pelting, and little rude rompings, and rough-and-tumblings, of those baby hands. One day, as the dog lay in watch by the door-stone, the child, peeping out of the window above, lost its balance, and fell on the stone pavement below. It never breathed again. It was taken up quite dead! The red drops of the young life had bespattered the feet and face of the dog as he sprang to the rescue. His heart died out within him in one long whining moan of grief. From that moment he refused to eat. He refused to be comforted by his master's voice and by his master's home. Day by day, and night by night, he lay upon the spot where the child fell.

"This was the neighbor's errand. He told it in a few simple words. He had come to my friend, the druggist, for a prescription for his dog—something to bring back his appetite."

[For Dumb Animals.]

## Our Turk.

BY MARTHA E. HOYT.

This story of Turk, who belonged to a little girl in Brooklyn, is a true one, and Turk was not the only dog she has known, who was a rigid sectarian. Capt. Smith, a gentleman who lives in New Brunswick, had a dog who was an Episcopalian. His master became very much interested in a revivalist, who preached in a Baptist church in his neighborhood, and the master went often there; but his canine friend could never be induced to enter even the vestibule of the Baptist church. This little poem was written when the author was thirteen years of age:

A Presbyterian dog was Turk,  
And a sectarian dog was Turk;  
He wouldn't join the Methodists;  
Could he have doubled up his fists,  
He would have fought those Methodists—would Turk.  
He wouldn't stay at home from church—Turk;  
We tried to leave him in the lurch; yet Turk  
Would find some means to get away  
From home on every Sabbath day.  
There was no use of saying nay—to Turk.  
We locked him in a room up stairs, poor Turk;  
And then we had no fears or cares for Turk.  
When we were out of sight he sprang  
Right through the window. Then he ran  
Through woods, until to church he came—bold Turk.  
He did not take the path we took—sly Turk;  
But stole along by brook and crook—wise Turk.  
He reached the church before we did,  
And then, so wary, went and hid  
Until we came, thinking we were rid—of Turk.  
So up the aisle, without a thought of Turk,  
We went. But our hopes were set at nought by Turk,  
Who, up the aisle, straight to our pew  
(The number, I believe, he knew),  
Walked calmly like a Christian true—did Turk.

"ROVER," beloved dog of Good Will Fire Company of Harrisburg, Pa., died recently. He was a white Newfoundland, above the average size of the breed, and had greatly endeared himself to the members of the company by his faithful attendance at fires and parades, and his affectionate disposition. After death he lay in state for several hours in the engine-house. He was placed in a neat pine box upon a bed of fresh myrtle leaves. Flowers and geranium leaves were strewn over the body, and small flags were placed about the box. At nightfall, when nearly two thousand persons had visited the engine-house, the dog was buried in the yard surrounding the building, and the fire-bell was tolled in his honor.—*Exchange.*

## A Strange Incident

Occurred on board of the lightship off Frying-Pan Shoals. During the prevalence of the severe storm of the 12th of September last, after the darkness of night had set in, rendered doubly gloomy and forbidding by the howling tempest that thundered through the rigging, broke with furious violence over the stanch vessel, and sent the salt spray in phosphorescent clouds over the very mast-heads, one of the seamen was leaning his elbow upon the port rail of the ship, watching the storm as it raged in all its grandeur and sublimity, when a large black bird dashed through the blinding mist and lit upon the railing near where he was standing. He took the bird, which proved to be an ordinary sea-gull, all wet and drabbed by the storm, and warmed and dried it in his bosom, after which he placed it in a little bed improvised for the occasion, after first feeding it, as if it had been a little child. The next morning, the storm having subsided, our seaman turned the bird loose, of course with no expectation of ever seeing it again. Very much to his surprise, however, on the very next night, at about the same hour of its previous visit, the gull again put in its appearance, alighting upon the rail of the ship as before, when it was fed, caressed and cared for as on the occasion of its first call, and from that time up to the 9th inst., nearly two months, when the latest information was received from the ship, the bird had continued its nightly visits and had been regularly fed and consigned to its "little bed," where it would remain until released the next morning. This is no fancy sketch or draft upon the imagination, but is an "o'er true tale" from a source entirely reliable and trustworthy.—*Wilmington (N. C.) Star.*

## The Ermine.

I read of the ermine to-day,  
Of the ermine who will not step  
By the feint of a step in the mire;  
The creature who will not stain  
Her garment of wild white fire.

Of the dumb, flying, soulless thing  
(So we with our souls dare to say),  
The being of sense and of sod,  
That will not, that will not defile  
The nature she took from her God.

And we with the souls that we have,  
Go cheering the hunters on  
To a prey with that pleading eye.  
She cannot go into the mud!  
She can stay like the snow, and die!

The hunters come leaping on.  
She turns like a hart at bay.  
They do with her as they will.  
—O thou who thinkest on this!  
Stand like a star, and be still,

Where the soil oozes under thy feet.  
Better, ah! better to die  
Than to take one step in the mire,  
Oh! blessed to die or to live,  
With garments of holy fire?

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.



Painted by Charodeau.

A LIFE-BOAT.

Engraved by Kilburn, Boston.

## "A Life-Boat"

Is the title of our picture. The floods have indeed come, submerging garden and yard and coop, and almost house and barn. The old wooden shoe, or *sabot*, as the French call it, was taken possession of by the three chickens, and Charodeau has painted them in it, after the shoe had floated away with them on their unexpected voyage. It is a picture of sympathy with the little voyagers, while exhibiting, with rare skill, their practical wisdom in making the best of their unfavorable surroundings.

### Mother Hen's Advice.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" cried a foolish hen,  
With a pair of baby chickens,  
"My fate is hard; not a fowl in ten  
Knows how my poor heart sickens;  
For it's scrape and scrape, and scratch and scratch,  
To feed these hungry bills;  
How I wish there were no eggs to hatch—  
My life is full of ills."

"Good neighbor mine," said a stately dame,  
That slowly wandered by,  
And her brood of ten behind her came—  
"You pinching here? Oh, fie!  
Although my chicks are larger, still  
I manage to provide;  
For a cheerful heart and an earnest will  
Are fighting on my side."

"Oh, yes! it's well for those who preach  
Whose skies are bright and blue;  
Good fortune some can always reach,  
Dark days they never knew.  
If I had only myself to keep,  
I nevermore should fret;  
But it's toil and care till I go to sleep;  
I've babies you forget."

"Yes, that's the world," then the dame replied;  
"Most people see their labors,  
Their cares and trials magnified,  
And greater than their neighbor's.  
If our daily toil, good sister hen,  
With cheerfulness we do,  
It's as easy, love, to scratch for ten  
As it is to scratch for two!"

## A Canary Taught to Produce the Music of a Waltz.

Swinging in a gilded cage in a cosey parlor in Newark, N. J., is a brown and yellow canary-bird. It looks like an ordinary bird, behaves like an ordinary bird; but listen to it for a second, and you will hear a tune, occasionally varied by genuine bird warblings. Dick is about four years old, and when he feels like it, will sing the German waltz. He has a mate that sings nearly as well as he does. When he is in good condition he will sing that waltz by the hour, but whenever he makes a mistake, he will break into a mere canary warble, and then begin again. His mistress played the waltz on an organ, using a stop that gave a tone much like a bird's. She played the waltz through, and as she ceased the bird began and sang the waltz nearly through; but it made a false note, and then warbled sweetly.

The organ sounded again, and then the bird sang again. This time Dick sang the waltz correctly, and at the end of his song gave himself great airs, evidently proud of his skill. Dick, when he was just off the nest, was taken and put into a dark room, where he saw no light, and heard no sound. After this, the waltz was played to him, two or three times a day, for fifteen or twenty minutes every time. At the end of a month or two, the bird began to sound a note of the waltz, then another. So it combined them, and after a time he whistled an entire strain. It was nearly a year, however, before his education was complete.—*New York Sun.*

## The Woodpeckers.

Here, then, is a whole species, I may say genus, of birds, which Providence seems to have formed for the protection of our fruit and forest trees from the ravages of vermin, which every day destroy millions of those noxious insects that would otherwise blast the hopes of the husbandman, and which even promote the fertility of the tree; and, in return, are proscribed by those who ought to have been their protectors, and incitements and rewards held out for their destruction! Let us examine better into the operations of nature, and many of our mistaken opinions and groundless prejudices will be abandoned for more just, enlarged, and humane modes of thinking.

\* Vol. I., p. 157, "Wilson's Am. Ornithology."

## Say Well and Do Well.

In closing a sermon on "Good Works and Good Words," Dean Stanley of Westminster quoted the following lines, which some suppose were written by one of the earliest Deans of Westminster:

Say well is good, but do well is better;  
Do well seems the spirit, say well is the letter;  
Say well is goodly, and helps to please;  
But to do well is godly, and gives the world ease;  
Say well to silence sometimes is bound,  
But do well is free on every ground.  
Say well has friends—some here, some there,  
But do well is welcome everywhere.  
By say well many to God's word cleave;  
But for lack of do well it often leave.  
If say well and do well were bound in one frame,  
Then all were done, all were one, and gotten were gain.

## MERCY.

Music by MOZART, and copied by per. from 2d Nat. Mus. Reader, published by GINN BROS.

1. Turn, turn the hast-y foot as-ide, Nor crush the help-less worm: The frame thy wayward looks de- ride Re-quired a God to form.  
 2. The common Lord of all that move, From whom thy being flowed, A portion of his boundless love On that poor worm bestowed.  
 3. Let them en-joy their lit - tie day, Their lowly bliss re - ceive; Oh! do not light-ly take a - way The life thou cañst not give.

## Correspondence.

## BALTIMORE.

The ladies have concluded that they are hardly ready to appoint officers at present; but will continue their meetings at different dwellings, and so keep up the interest and draw in others. The meeting of your convention here in Baltimore was a fortunate thing for us, I trust; and the labor of your President not in vain."

## NEW HAVEN.

Have you ever, in your travels, been denominated as I am,—an animal tamer,—merely because I can approach with perfect impunity, the most *violent* of animals. I correct myself, and say, the *so-called* vicious; for I maintain animals are never naturally vicious; they are made so by unkind or injudicious treatment. A poor dog, chained up and deprived of liberty, could hardly be expected to feel amiably disposed; but the sound of a kind and sympathizing voice softens him, as it would any of us when in trouble; but when a 'ferocious' dog looks up at me and wags his tail, it is difficult to persuade the unreflecting that there is no peculiarity in myself; it is the fine instinct of the animal which recognizes his friends.

I was considerably amused by a little incident while at Havana. A family had brought a large Angora cat, in a cage, from the interior of the island. One day seeing it at large, in charge of a servant, I was approaching it when I was warned it was 'ferocious,' 'did not like strangers,' and would 'fly at me.' Forgetting for the moment, that among the cat's acquisitions, it did not probably embrace a knowledge of the English language, I said, 'po-or Pussy'; she looked up, walked over to me, arched up her great back and gave a tremendous purr. The people about were astounded. I told them the cat had more sense than they supposed; more than they had; she would never mistake a true friend. Do you not think animals are physiognomists? I observe they always look me in the eye, which leads me to believe it is not the kind voice alone they recognize; but some expression which they can read in our face, and which makes them immediately trust."

MRS. E. M. GIFFORD.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I must chronicle a sad duty I have performed in regard to my old family horse. After reading your Society's tract, on the subject of killing animals, my butcher shot him. I was offered forty dollars for him; but I answered, "If he cannot do what I require, he cannot do what you will expect of him." The next time I saw the butcher, he told me that a widow, not far away, who had been undecided what to do with her faithful horse, came to an immediate decision when she heard how instantly mine had died. A poor neighbor, who has a lame horse, said to me, "I can't buy another, or I would have him killed as quickly as yours was." I said, "If you will do that, and get a sound horse in his place, I will not buy another, but will hire yours." Yesterday, the merciful act was done. I have my eye upon another."

## The "Sunday Schools.

The calls for the "service" have shown that many persons in various States desired to draw the attention of Sunday School scholars to their duty to the animal world.

The calls have come from all the New England States, and from New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey, Ohio, Minnesota, &c.

The value of the service is not in what it contains, but in what it suggests. If its compiler were to speak for it he would say: "Let it be, if you so please, a prompting to do something better. Use it, so far as it meets your own ideas; but do not fail to devote one meeting, now and then, for the consideration of our duty to the dumb in its religious aspects, and especially in the light of Christianity. And to that end, make the occasion as varied, as rich, and as uplifting in thought and expression, as you can."

## International Society.

The Second Annual Report of the International Society, to be known hereafter as the "American Humane Association," is published in a handsome pamphlet of twenty-six pages. Copies will be sent to the different humane societies, as far as known. The Secretary invites information from friends, of the names of persons to whom copies should be sent. Members of the Association who may wish for extra copies, will oblige by making known the number desired as early as convenient.

## The Shepherd's Home.

My banks they are furnished with bees,  
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;  
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,  
 And my hills are white over with sheep.  
 I seldom have met with a loss,  
 Such health do my fountains bestow;  
 My fountains all bordered with moss,  
 Where the harebells and violets blow.  
 Not a pine in the grove is there seen,  
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;  
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,  
 But sweet-briar entwines it around.  
 Not my fields in the prime of the year,  
 More charms than my cattle unfold;  
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,  
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.  
 I have found out a gift for my fair,  
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;  
 But let me such plunder forbear,  
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed;  
 For he ne'er could be true, she averred,  
 Who would rob a poor bird of its young;  
 And I loved her the more when I heard  
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

—Shenstone (d. 1673).

## A Service of Mercy.

Last Sunday evening a service was held at the Universalist Church, Plymouth, Mass., in recognition of the obligation of man to the brute creation. The service was opened by the pastor, Rev. A. H. Sweetser, reading selections from various parts of the Bible, followed by a hymn, and responses by the congregation. Miss L. M. Fuller read a poem by Barry Cornwall, entitled the "Bloodhound," which was rendered in a fine manner; this was followed by remarks by the pastor and by Mr. J. B. Collingwood, who told of the difficulties experienced by the agents of the Society in carrying out their duty. Miss Susie E. Chandler next sang "Dare to do Right," with the choir, after which Miss Helen B. Beal read a touching poem, "The Blind Horse." Miss Beal is a fine reader and entered into the true spirit of the ballad. Miss Sarah H. Fuller then read a short poem, entitled "The Birds," which with a hymn and benediction closed the services.—*Old Col. Memorial.*

## Dogs and Fowls.

In the new and most interesting book of "Memoirs of Mrs. Jameson," we find the following curious fact. It is stated in a letter from Maxen, Germany, written in 1859 by Mrs. J.:

"In the house there is a family of thirteen Italian greyhounds, of three generations, all romping together, with a fine cock, which, having taken to them when a chicken, will no longer live among the poultry, but spends his life with the greyhound puppies; and this old cock, at a game of play, is certainly the drollest thing imaginable." (Page 303.)

## Our Dumb Animals.

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